# THE FREEMAN

AND ETHIOPIA SHALL STRETCH FORTH HER HAND

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER

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## ANECDOTES OF GREELEY.

### His Kindly Nature, Genial Manner and Child-Like Simplicity.

Of the man of individuality every action is an incident. Anecdotes by the score, by the hundred, have been printed and told about Horace Greeley. Many more are stored in minds that have treasured his words and deeds as they came under their notice. Most of the reminiscences which follow are those of David P. Rhoades, of the American News Company, who for twenty-eight years had charge of the distribution depertment of the Tribune during Mr. Greeley's time. Others have been taken from the recital of Thomas N. Rooker, the secretary of the Tribune Association. It is a matter of history that the Tribune was started on April 10, 1841, and that the first number was on the streets on the day of President William H. Harrison's funeral. M. Rhoades, who had worked under Mr. Greeley on the NewYorker and the Log Cabin, took the first sheet of the Tribune off the press. One day, before the Tribune was very old, Greeley came down to Mr. Rhoades and said: "Dave they won't allow the newsboys to sell the Tribune around the Sun office. They're clearing them away.

Mr. Rhoades went from No. 30 Ann street, where the Tribune office was, to Fulton and Nassau streets, where the Sun was making war npon the newsboys of its new arrival. He called on Moses Y. Beach and Mr. Ely, the bookkeeper of the Snn, and complained. He did not get any satisfaction, and so reported to Greeley, who said in his shrill voice, "Well, have them arrested." So the Tribune shortly after that reported the arrest of Mr. Beach, Mr. Ely and others for assault and battery.

The Tribune prospered, and about 1842 or 1843 Mr. Greeley came to Mr. Rhoades, exclaiming, "What do you think of it! The Tribune has got 10,000 subscribers. Only think what an immense lot?" On the strength of this circulation he gave a dinner to all the employees.

After the Tribune had moved its offices to Spruce and Nassau streets in the old building, Mr. Rhoades came down one morning about 9 o'clock and saw a big ham lying on the iron heater. Franklin J. Ottarson, the city editor, came in and said:

"Dave, whose ham is that?"

"I don't know, 'Ot,'" was the reply. "I only know that when I came into the office that ham was there."

"Give it to me," said "Ot."

"Nothing the kind," said Rhoades. "If you want it, come around and get it."

Ottarson promptly went around and took it. At 12 o'clock Mr. Greeley came along and said:

"Dave, where is my ham?"

"Your ham! Get up to Ottarson's as quick as you can and probably you will find it in the pot boiling."

"Well, —— you," said Mr. Greeley. "Why did you give Ottarson the ham?"

"He took it," was the reply. "Ottarson came down and asked for the ham. I wouldn't give it to him and he took it."

Next day Mr. Greeley said: "—— you give 'Ot' that ham."

"Nothing of the kind!"

"'Ot' says you did!"

"He's not telling the truth."

Shortly afterward Mr. Greeley unburdened his mind to his associates, in words something like these: "You lot of thieves, I'll have to pin my shirt on my back if I don't want to lose it among you!"

Mr. Greeley was full of loving kindness, as well as "human nature." When he got back from a Western trip he rushed into the office, threw his arms around Mr. Rhoades, and "hugged him up," saying, "I'm so glad to get back! It does seem so good!"

"I should think you felt pretty bad," said Mr. Rhoades.

"I ain't very tired, but I'm very glad to get back," was the answer.

The Longworths in Cincinnati once sent to Mr. Greeley a dozen boxes of wine, with twelve bottles in each box. As Mr. Greeley did not use it, Mr. Rhoades gave away the wine to "the boys," and carefully replaced the empty bottles in the boxes. It was the custom to auction off books that had accumulated in the office, and at one of these sales Mr. Greeley suggested that the wine might be sold, too. George M. Snow, the financial editor of the paper, bought what he considered the bargain, and on investigating his purchase found a beggarly array of empty bottles. He took it good-humoredly, saying, "Dave, did you do that? That was a big joke you played on me."

Murphy, a proofreader, was called to Mr. Greeley one morning. "You fool," said the editor, "what a mistake you have made in my manuscript."

"I think it is according to copy, Mr. Greeley," said Murphy,

"No, nothing of the kind!"

"Well, I thought it was."

The copy was sent for. Mr. Greeley looked at it for about five minutes. Then he got up and said, "Murphy, I'll give you five dollars if you will kick me." This was Mr. Greeley's way of acknowledging his mistake, but Murphy did not undertake to earn the five dollars.

A lad named David was employed as Mr. Greeley's boy in the office. He grew to be exceedingly large and over six feet in height, but Greeley continued to call him "Little David," Well, robberies of the office began to occur. Mr. Rhoades, who had charge of the office, was much perplexed and annoyed by them. Mr. Rhoades went on watch, and detected the thief. Whom should he discover, creeping in at a back window and going to the money drawer and helping himself, but Mr. Greeley's "Little David?" David, seeing that he was observed, tried to hide himself, but was caught and sent to the Tombs.

Next morning Mr. Rhoades said: Greeley, I have found the thief that robbed the office.

"I'm glad of that," said Mr. Greeley.

Said Mr. Rhoades: Who do you think it is?

"Oh, I have no idea."

"It is your boy David."

"What, my little David?"

"Yes, your 'little David.' He's the one who has been a-robbing, and I've got him up at the Tombs now."

"Well," said Horace Greeley, "I'm so sorry. I have often seen that poor boy steal my books, but I did not like to say anything about it!"

Mr. Greeley was robbed of a beautiful watch presented to him by the Tribune employes. "Tom" Acton, then President of the Police Board, made every policeman in New York do detective work for the recovery of that watch and got it. Mr. Greeley came down stairs one day in great jubilation, crying: "Dave, I got my watch."

"Where did you get it?" asked Dave.

"I don't know," said Greeley. "Somebody got it for me and I found it in the office. I'm so glad. I didn't want to lose it."

### Saw a Train Coming.

The train was passing over a high trestle work, on an Ohio railroad, when a man who had been smoking his cigar in silence suddenly observed:

"Ah! gentlemen, but I have cause to remember this spot all my life."

"Anything happen to you here?" asked one of the quartet.

"Indeed, something happened. It was two years ago this month. I was visiting my aunt in that hamlet at the other end. One day I wanted to come over to the big stone quarry, a quarter of a mile further on. It was a near cut to take the track, and so I took it."

"And met a train!" exclaimed a voice.

"Yes, I had reached the centre of the trestle, which is ninety-five feet above the cruel rocks, when I heard the whistle of a locomotive, and a moment later caught sight of a freight train rounding a curve. There was only one possible way of escape."

"And you—you—"

"I seized it. Though considerably rattled, I did not lose my presence of mind. Dropping down between the cross-pieces I swung clear with my feet and hung on with my hands. You can judge of a man's feelings with almost a hundred feet of space between his feet and a great mass of jagged rock."

"Great Scots! How long did you hang there?"

"About ten minutes."

"But did it take the train that long to pass over you?"

"Oh, no."

"Then how was it?"

"Why, the train side-tracked at the other end, you see, and I hung on until one of the brakesmen walked out to me and said if I wasn't in the circus business to stay I'd better get out of that."

"But I don't exactly see."

"Oh, there is nothing to see. I got off the bridge all right, with three hours to spare before another train came along. I was very much obliged to the brakesman—very much. I might have hung there all day, you know."

MRS. KATE BRYANT.

Photographer, 88 South Illinois Street.

## A WOMAN IN THE LEAD.

### An Indianapolis Artist Deserving of More Than a Passing Notice

It is not generally known that one, if not the best photographer in this city is a lady—Mrs. Kate Bryant whose potrait appears in another part of this paper, but such is the case. A few years ago there might be seen on any bright day a show case artistically and beautifully mounted and arranged, at 6½ East Washington street. It was at this place or this number that Mrs. Bryant made her reputation as a photographer and artist. The excellence of her workmanship held the old customers and brought in new ones by the score; so much so that new and larger quarters had to be obtained, and it was then that the present location, 88 South Illinois street was selected and obtained. This art gallery and emporium is one of the most complete in the city. It is on the ground floor, easy of access. An element to the wonderful success of Mrs. Bryant is her remarkably low prices while the best quality and grade of work is done. She has always given the very lowest rates. As an inducement for the holidays she has offered one dozen cabinet size photographs and a life size crayon portrait for $5.00, also the best cabinet size photos for $3 00 per dozen and an elegant easel stand thrown in. These are special holiday offers and every one should take advantage of them. Remember the place and name; Mrs. Kate Bryant, 88 S. Illinois street.

### A Great Relief.

'Twill be a great relief, I ween,
To murderers to know
That, when they leave this mortal scene
Through lightning's sudden blow,
The new reporter, sitting near,
With curdles in his blood,
Will not be able then to bear
A dull and sickening thud.
—Washington Post.

### A Remarkable Year.

This year, besides being prolific of all classes of farm crops, is especially remarkable for its exemption from insect pests. Preceded by two dry years favorable for the production of chinch bugs, Colorado potato beetles, cabbage worms, grasshoppers and other destroyers of the vegetable and fruit crops, with a remarkably mild, dry winter, which is considered favorable for perpetuating the insect tribes. But after all of the circumstances which farmers consider omens of evil to their crops, from insect plagues, this year is remarkable for their absence. Though there was a fearful looking for the ravenous chinch bug he has not come. The potato bug, which has heretofore wearied the back and tried the patience of the potato raiser, his wasting of that crop has scarcely been seen in all of the land. The cabbage worms which the past three years have caused Hans to import his sauer kraut from Holland, have made no impression on the cabbage this year. That excellent vegetable is abundant and of a very superior quality everywhere. Cabbage will be plenty and cheap. The white-winged moths which deposited the eggs for these worms have scarcely been seen. Even the common grasshopper, which is nearly every year a burden, is not plenty enough to fatten the turkeys.

And the worms, bugs, caterpillars, etc., which usually infest and destroy apples, plums and small fruits, are remarkable for their absence. And as a consequence there is an unparalleled crop of apples for Iowa. Apples are plenty, of a superior quality all over the state. The farmers complain that there is no market in the towns and cities for their duchess, early harvest, red June and other early apples. Fall, choice apples are selling at 25c per bushel. This, therefore, is a remarkable year for large crops of grain, grass, vegetables and fruits, and scarcely an enemy to molest them in the least.—Des Moines Register.

## A LITTLE RIM OF STEEL.

### All There Is Between a Railroad Passenger and Eternity.

Kansas City Star.

"I'll tell you what it is," remarked an old railroad man to-day, "it used to be that they couldn't turn a wheel any too fast for me, but it's different now. The way these fellows run nowadays makes my hair stand on end. We used to think that twenty-five or thirty miles an hour was fast running. People were just as well satisfied, if not more so, than now, and there weren't so many accidents. Those days when a man got on the ground there was some chance of his getting away alive, but when you touch ground on one of these fast trains now you're mighty liable to stay there. People are getting to look on a mile a minute as a common thing, and are just howling mad at a road that doesn't make it. They never stop to think of the danger. All they think about is getting to their destination.

"Why, when I stop and think of being whirled across the country fifty or sixty miles an hour, down hills and around curves, with only an inch and a half of iron between me and eternity, I get so scared I swear never to get on a coach again. What do I mean by an inch and a half of iron? Well, you know what a passenger coach is, don't you? You know how they are built. A coach is a pretty solid thing nowadays, and to look at one a person would think they were pretty safe, but that's because you don't know anything about it. The coach itself is all right as far as it goes, but it's wheels. Did you ever look at the wheels? If you did you may have noticed how they're made. A good size, and broad enough and heavy enough, and with a tire of the finest kind of steel. But on the inside of the tire you see a sort of rim or flange. That flange is about an inch and a half thick and about the same depth. It doesn't look as if it amounted to much, that little piece of steel, but that's just what the lives of all the passengers depend upon. That flange keeps the wheel to the rail and keeps the coach from running of the track.

"Well, now, when the train is going fifty miles an hour around a curve you see how much depends upon that flange. The whole weight and speed of the train are against that flange on one side, the outside curve, and it is all that keeps the coach from whirling from the track. Suppose the flange broke, or as is often the case, was worn down and been missed by the car inspector. The chances are ten to one that the flange couldn't hold, but would climb the rail and there'd be another accident. The reportors would be told the rails spread or something of that kind, and no one but the company would know what caused the accident.

"There are a good many accidents that happen that way, but it doesn't appear to be any of the public's business. As a general rule a coach wheel is watched mighty closely, and the minute a flange begins to wear new ones are put on, but many a time an inspector will miss a wheel, and then the chances are big that there'll be an accident."

### Hilton Has a Defender.

Col. Tom Ochiltree says that, next to John W. Mackey, Judge Henry Hilton is the best rich man he knows.

"Those snobs down at Newport," Col. Ochiltree says, "build walls around them. They shut everybody out who doesn't belong to their set. Here is Hilton, living like a gentleman in his magnificent park. The gates are open, and every body in Saratoga is free to ride or walk through Wood Lawn. You can tell something of a man by his home life. Judge Hilton has built his home in the midst of his park, and close around him are grouped the houses of his two married daughters and of his two sons, one married, the other a bachelor. In the Judge's house is the finest private dining room on the American continent That single apartment represents an outlay of $150,000. The walls are paneled and hung with the finest tapestries. In that dining room Judge Hilton delights to gather about him at every meal his sons and daughters and their children. If you had seen him as I have with that family group of sixteen about him you would say he could not be a bad man. He lives like a gentleman. His cellars contain the finest wines in the country. He has been thirty years adding to the contents of his cellars. But he isn't a snob and he isn't selfish. His action in throwing open his private park to everybody is characteristic of him. Down in New York City people come to me to help them out in all kinds of charitable schemes. I have been to Judge Hilton fifty times with appeals of all kinds, and he has never failed to respond, and liberally, too. When the newspaper people were getting up a benefit entertainment to endow a bed in the hospital Judge Hilton came forward and put down $500 for a box."

"Who are the Stewart heirs?" asked Col. Ochiltree. Without waiting for a reply he continued: "Do you suppose they would have made such good use of the Stewart millions as Hilton has? Don't you suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Stewart knew their own relatives better than other people did? Don't you think that they intended Hilton should have the money? Of course they did. If it hadn't been for Judge Hilton Stewart would have been selling tape and thread when he died. Hilton gave up his seat on the bench and devoted himself for thirty years. His mind conceived the gigantic enterprise which resulted in the building up of this collossal fortune. He suggested the ideas. Stewart carried out the details. Hilton made Stewart the wealthy man he was. He is entitled morally to every dollar he has got."

"Does he mind the attacks that have been made of him?" repeated the Colonol. "Not a bit. Why should he? He is right. He has the respect and support of his friends. Such attacks do him no harm with those who know the facts. He is too good a philosopher to be troubled by such things."

### Life in Oklahoma.

A recent issue of the Champion City Boomer thus mirrors life in Oklahoma:

"There was a little lively sport at the running out of a claim jumper, Tuesday. He showed fight and the boys went farther than was first intended, and tarred and feathered him. We learn that next day he was shot by a near-sighted sportsman, who mistook him for an ostrich.

"There was an exciting time at the Dewdrop Music Hall, Wednesday night. A party from Texas objected to the way the farce ended and went up on the stage to set it straight. Two minutes later he came out through a hole of his own making in the drop-curtain and lit head first in the bass drum, ruining the latter. The Texan's neck was broken.

"We are no rabbit. The lily-livered coyote who perpotrates the Pioneer sneaked into our sanctum, Thursday, with a club, and tried to make us apologize for stigmatizing him as a hyena. For particulars of our denunciation of this whelp, see last issue of this paper. Although he climbed on our back before we were aware of his presence we were too many for the reptile, and soon had his alleged head in the ink keg and were dancing a breakdown on his neck. Next time, if he recovers, we will tear him to pieces. We are no rabbit. Now is the time to subscribe."

### The New Giffard Gun.

It is reported that the Colts, of Hartford, have bought the American rights to the Giffard gun patents for $1,000,000. The gun is simply a small tube of toughest steel, only nine inches in length, charged with liquefied carbonic acid gas, which is one of the most powerful explosives known. It is fixed to the barrel of the rifle in such a way that when the trigger is pulled a drop of the liquefied gas is forced into the breech of the gun behind the bullet, where, instantaneously resuming a gaseous condition, it develops a force equal to 500 pounds pressure on the square inch. The bullet is then expelled at any degree of velocity desired, for the power can be increased or diminished by a simple turn of the the screw. There is no explosion; no smoke, no noise, no recoil, no smell, no heat. A slight fizz, like the sound of a soda fountain, is the only sound It sends the bullet an immense distance, is not affected by heat or damp, and is so cheap that 125 bullets can be fired at the cost of a cent.

### Youthful Logic.

Ma, said a little girl, if you was in some countries you'd be a duchess, wouldn't you?

No, dear; why would I?

Oh, I donno, only, pa's a Dutchman, isn't he?

# A LONG-TAILED HORSE.

### A Beanville Romance.

Chicago Sun.

Romance is pretty nearly played out in this last quarter of the prosaic nineteenth century, but once in awhile there will be found a lovesick youth or a sentimental maiden who fairly lives upon it. Jessamine Rose was of this class.

Now Jessie was only a farmer's daughter, but she was unusually pretty and had been brought up like a lady. So she came to believe that she must have been built out of finer dirt than the majority of the country people around Beanville. To her they were "of the earth, earthy."

This fair and aristocratic scion of a common country stock fairly devoured every romance that came in her way. Love stories were her constant diet. By pursuing them she came to feel that she was fitted for something higher and better than anything she had yet known, and anxiously waited for the time when a dark, handsome young prince with a crown like the King of Spades, should come dashing up to her father's door on a prancing steed whose flowing tail swept the ground, to woo and bear her away to a life of royal splendor. That was the way it always happened in her favorite novels, and she felt that she must have a lordly lover, with a title and a coronet, at the very least.

She made no secret of her expected suitor. Everybody for miles around knew all about him, and many were the noses which turned up like that of a coffee-pot on his account.

"Just as if a real live prince, with a hat-full of gold crowns would run his long-tailed horse through old Jim Rose's potato patch on purpose to marry his good-for-nothing daughter, for the sole reason that she happens to have a pretty face!" sniffed many a Beanville gossip in disgust.

But Jessamine still clung to her imaginary royal wooer though she had long waited in vain for a sight of him. She thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night; but, as yet, her waking eyes had never beheld his face.

Many a good, steady young farmer, allured by Jessie's pink-and-white prettiness, had laid his heart and his paternal acres, figuratively speaking, in her soft little palm, only to have them tossed back at him like so much rubbish. Not one of them possessed a crown, or even a long-tailed steed to prance on, and so she would none of them.

Of course such proceedings did not tend to make the silly girl popular among the Beanville people, but for a while she did not mind that. She didn't care to associate much with the country folks, for her destiny was a far higher one than theirs. And so the years rolled on.

At last Jessie reached her twenty-fifth birthday. She was still unmarried, though nearly all of her schoolmates were comfortably settled down in happy homes of their own, with growing families around them. She still cherished her fond dreams of something better, but her faith in the prince's coming began to waver a little. Such was the state of affairs when Herman Moulton fell head over heels in love with her.

He was only a farmer, but he was handsome and well-to-do, and Jessie couldn't help liking him. When he proposed there was a curious sensation in her bosom, as of something hopping around there. She began to think that her heart had moved at last, but may be it was only her gizzard; or perhaps she was a little bilious, and that was all.

It was a big come-down for her to accept a common farmer for a husband instead of the king's son, to whom she had so long looked forward, but she was tired of waiting and felt half inclined to do it. She thought that for Hermann's sake she could exchange her imaginary royal palace for the substantial farm house at the cross-roads with only a passing regret. Besides it was getting to be high time for her to marry something or other if she ever intended to do so, and the prince might never come.

But the fiery charger, whose tail swept the ground! Could she give that up, too? No, never. She could bid adieu to the prince with his jeweled crown and gorgeous palace—if she ever got the chance—without a murmur, but the stately horse with the long and silky hair she must and would have, or the word "Miss" should be graven upon her monument.

So she shyly confessed, in answer to Herman's passionate pleading, that she did indeed care more for him than she did for novels, or even for chocolate caramels; and told him that she almost felt inclined to forego her prospects of a glorious future, just for his sake. But upon one thing her mind was unalterably fixed. He must get a horse whose tail swept the ground or she could never be his. If he did that she would marry him whenever he wished.

Her decision was absolutely unchangeable. She would not have a husband without a long-tailed horse, even though he were King of the Cannibal Islands or Emperor of all the mouse-eaters. And the tail must not only be long, but it must absolutely trail in the dust. She would ride to her bridal behind such a steed, or she would walk alone and unmarried forevermore.

Herman's heart swelled with triumph. He told her to make ready her wedding garments, she should have the horse. He also made all his own preparations at once, without waiting to hunt up the necessary animal with the hairy rudder and preposterous continuation to his spinal column. In a short time everything else was in readiness, but the horse could not be found.

Herman sold three good animals just because their tails only reached to their fetlocks, but he couldn't find one any more gifted in a backward direction than they were to save his beloved Jessamine from dying of disappointment and despair. What was to be done?

He tried to induce her to take him on trust, telling her that she should have her heart's desire just as soon as he could possibly find it, but all in vain; she was immovable. She would have a horse with a sweeping tail, or she wouldn't have a husband.

She reminded him that on his account alone she had given up all hope of a proud connection with a royal family, but added that she would never forego riding to her marriage behind a steed whose fly-tormentor swept the earth. She couldn't and wouldn't do it.

Herman couldn't help realizing that his fiancee was a little bit unreasonable, but he was in love all over and out of sight. If she had expressed a desire to ride after a six-legged green camel, with whiskers on his hump, he would have done his level best to find her one. Such is the power of affection.

Joe Gray was the most extensive horse-trader anywhere around Beanville, and when he heard of Herman's need he sent word to him that he had just the horse he wanted. And indeed it was a fine animal, for a jockey to have, large, strong, handsome, kind and speedy—but his tail didn't quite touch the ground. Herman came to look at the beast, spied his lack of the necessary black hair, and turned on the owner with considerable indignation, for he was disappointed.

He asked Joe if he didn't know he wanted and would have a horse whose tail swept the ground like a belle's ball dress. If he did, what did he mean by trying to work one off on to him that had only a sailor suit tail, so to speak. It might be a very good horse, and doubtless was, but he did not want and would not have an animal that had to straddle like a sawhorse in order to get his tail down to terra firma.

Joe tried to explain that his animal had an unusually long tail, and that he thought it was just such a one as he wanted or he shouldn't have sent for him. He went on to say that he had never seen more than one or two horses whose tails actually dragged and he thought it rather a disadvantage than otherwise on account of the mud they scooped up.

But Herman went off in a hurry decidedly out of sorts with his luck. He left Joe considerably angry inside, and vowing to get even, though outwardly he was as pleasant and smiling as ever.

A short time afterward Herman again received word from Joe that now he had just the right article in the horse line, sure; so he called again immediately. Joe was apparently overjoyed to see him, and at once took him out to the stable and showed him the horse.

Such a looking thing as he produced! It was blind in one eye, had three spavins and a ringbone, and looked like an old buffalo hanging on a rail fence. Two of his legs were sprung, and one knee was as big round as a gallon measure, while he wheezed and puffed like the bellows in a blacksmith shop. He was as mangy as a street dog and as lean as a famine, but his tail dragged four inches on the ground.

"How much do you ask for him?" inquired Herman.

"Three hundred dollars," answered Joe promptly; and not a muscle in his face twitched as he said it.

"Three hundred dollars for that thing!" cried Herman, thunderstruck. "Why, you only asked a hundred and fifty for the other one, and he was forty times the horse this old skeleton is. Anyone could drive that without feeling sick at the stomach, but the cows would chase me everywhere I went with this creature."

Joe remained silent and imperturbable.

"Come, say twenty-five dollars and I'll take him off your hands and kill him for you," Herman went on.

"Three hundred dollars," said Joe calmly. He's the longest tailed horse in the State, and I had to give a long price for him on that account. I knew you would want him anyhow, and I could get him cheaper than you could yourself. I always like to accommodate a friend."

"Well, take off a little any way," entreated Herman. "I do want him, but that is a monstrous price. Why, he wouldn't bring fifteen cents at auction."

"Not a cent," quietly answered Joe. Three hundred dollars or I keep him.

Herman groaned. He knew he was being unmercifully cheated, but Jessamine depended upon the possession of that horse. Perhaps some one might win her away from him by the means of that very animal, if he let this chance slip. Joe himself was unmarried and quite good looking too. So he paid the price, outrageous as it was, and took the prehistoric crow bait home with him.

As soon as he arrived there he put on the brand new wedding suit that had been some weeks in readiness, harnessed in his ancient prize, and started for the residence of Farmer Rose. He meant to make Jessamine marry him at one, according to agreement, before the old ruin had time to die on his hands and leave him still without a wife.

He got there at last, though he almost despaired of it a great many times before the journey was accomplished. Old Sosinante couldn't be urged out of a slow walk by all the eloquence of a six-foot ash bean pole. Apparently there were no more joints in that horse's legs than there are in a hand spike, and his every movement was suggestive of a funeral.

Jesse didn't look remarkably well pleased when she saw him drive up to the door. In her heart of hearts she admitted that she would rather be hauled to the altar by the most dilapidated donkey that ever chewed thistles than by that lean and hungry-looking relic that the afternoon sun was shining right through. But her word was given, and she would sooner have died than break her promise.

Besides, she could not but feel grateful to think that her ardent lover had tried so long and hard to please her; and that she had even gone so far as to think of marrying him any way, with or without the specified horse's tail. So she got ready at once, sheepishly took her place in the carriage, and off they started.

Old Starvation did succeed in dragging them to church at last, and the pair were consolidated into one without delay, when they started for Herman's home at the crossroads, and to get there they had to go right through the main street of the village. And there was where the fun began.

Everybody knew Jessamine's pride, and all about her ambition concerning the gold-headed prince; and also how her marriage with Herman had been delayed by the fruitless search for a long-tailed horse. The news of Herman's recent purchase, and that the wedding was at last taking place, had spread like wild fire, and they found the sidewalks lined with people waiting to see them go past on their way home.

How the crowd cheered and hooted when they at length appeared! Everybody fairly roared at the sight of Jessie's prince, and especially at his proud steed with the tail that swept the ground. All those whom she had looked down upon with contempt as something beneath her notice were there, and of course they made some rather disparaging remarks about the bridal equippage. That horse did look like the ghost of one of Pharaoh's lean kine, and no mistake.

The unlucky bride and groom had to take all the chaff that the assembled citizens of Beanville chose to give them, and that was not a little. The old horse crept along at the pace of a crippled snail, and Herman couldn't induce him to go a particle faster. The faces of the happy pair looked as if colored with cochineal, but they were perfectly helpless and could only sit still and endure.

"For heaven's sake, pull that horse in; he's eloping with you!" screamed one bystander.

"Hail to the Princess!" shouted another.

"Bones, old bones!" piped in a boy, through his nose, in shrill treble, in imitation of the cry of the rag-picker.

"Sell me that skeleton for a hen-coop," cried a gray-headed granger.

"Look at the feed oozing out between his ribs," sang out another.

It was more than human patience could stand. Herman sprang to his feet in the wagon and caught the whip in both hands. The next instant it came down across the steed's backbone with all the force of his strong young arms—and was cut in two as smoothly as a carving knife would cut a candle.

The horse never quickened his pace, for he couldn't, it wasn't in him. He didn't even have life enough to kick, but he gave that tail a frantic switch that extended to its utmost regions. And then a catastrophe took place that is unequaled in the annals of history.

That tail flew over the dasher like a hairy comet, and landed plump in the bride's lap in a tangled and disorganized mass. It had belonged to several horses in its time, and had been tied to the stub end of this one's back-bone with about half a ball of wrapping twine. He had no more tail of his own than a goat has.

Such a shriek as went up from the crowd of spectators who saw the tumble the once haughty Jessamin'se pride was taking! It fairly split the heavens. And the stub-tailed old skinful of bones plodded calmly on, as if he was certain of a whole eternity in which to get the happy couple home to the cross-roads. It did take him a pretty large portion of one to accomplish the trip.

But that adventure is now a thing of the past. The pretty Jessamine has settled down into a loving, helpful little woman, who dreams of splendor and royalty no more. She and Herman have one of the prettiest and happiest homes for miles around; but, though they never mention it, neither of them will ever forget the misery and humiliation of that first homecoming, escorted by a hooting, jeering rabble, and drawn by the bony framework of a horse whose tail and the ground were a Sabbath day's journey from each other.

### The Power of Water.

Woman's Magazine.

It would seem that everybody ought to know the value of a remedy so easily obtained as water. Yet, though there is no remedy of such general application and none so easily obtained as water, nine out of ten will pass it by in an emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but a few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out and then applied around the neck of a child that has croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times, dipped in hot water, wrung out and then applied over the seat of pain in their tooth ache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. We have known cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield in ten minutes to this. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestions of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water and kept applied to old sores and new cuts bruises and sprains is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water poured from a height of three feet. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is the best of cathartics in case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels.

In this connection it is interesting to know that a distinguished children's doctor believes, from his practice, that infants generally, whether brought up at the breast or artifically, are not supplied with sufficient water, the fluid of their food being quickly taken up, and leaving the solid food too thick to be easily digested. In warm weather healthy babies will take water at every hour with advantage, and their frequent fretfulness and rise of temperature are often due to not having it. A free supply of water and restricting the frequency of nursing have been found at the nursery to be a most effectual check in case of incipient fever, a diminished rate of mortality, and marked reduction in the number of gastric and intestinal com'plaints being attributed to this cause.

### SOMEWHAT CURIOUS.

Berlin drank, in 1889, 269,247,100 quarts of beer—that is about 150 quarts to every man, woman and child.

In 1883 there were 2,770,000 valentines sent through the London post-office. This year only 320,000.

So much in excess of the supply is the demand for whalebone that several tons were sold last week in London at the enormous price of £1,950 a ton.

The clerks of an English telegraph office found it difficult to convince a lady that they could not transmit the key of the front door to her husband.

A sucking pig carlessly wrapped in brown paper with both ends open was an article set in thorough the English postoffice and delivered to the address.

An artesian well was driven eighty-five feet through solid rock at Pullman, Wash., when water was struck. The discharge is said to be 1,000 gallons a minute.

A miller at Oothcaloga, Go., found the wheels in the mill clogged so that they wouldn't work. After taking 360 pounds of eels out the wheels turned once more.

A new method of storing grain is being introduced. Steel tanks are filled with grain, by a suction pump the air is partly exhausted and a quantity of carbonic gas admitted.

The police of India number 17,000 superior and subordinate officers and 126,000 constables, not reckoning the 17,680 police of Upper Burmah and 500,000 village watchmen.

The length of telegraph lines in the world at the end of 1889, it is said has reached a total of 1,680,900 miles, a length sufficient to go round the equator almost seventy times.

Justices of the peace were first appointed in England by Edward III, in the year of 1327, and in 1360-61 they were empowered to try felonies, while their wages were fixed by Richard II, 1389.

### That Servant Girl Question.

New York Sun.

The servant girl question was under debate in a coterie of ladies up town, and bitter words were spoken by some of the housekeepers when telling of their troubles with housemaids, scullerymaids, nurserymaids, chambermaids, and kitchenmaids. The strain of bitterness was interrupted by one of the ladies, who said: "I never have any trouble with my domestic help. I keep a housemaid and a cook, who have been with me for five years, and I do not know that they are extraordinary specimens, though I got them through an advertisement in The Sun. One of them is an Irish-American, the other a German. They say that I treat them well. I do not overwork them or keep them at service from dawn till midnight. I dont scold them for every fault. I have a nice bedroom for them and they keep it neat. I let them go off in the day time once or twice every week to take a walk, or to visit their friends or to do their shopping. I talk to them at times about their gowns, bonnets, shawls, and ruffles. I see that they have something else than scraps or leavings to eat. I pay them their wages on the first of every month. I help them to do things now and then. They give me their confidence. I show them that I take an interest in them, and my husband is considerate toward them. I dont believe they will ever leave our household till they get married, and my cook is a widow who says she will never marry again. I cannot see why so many people should have so much trouble with their domestic help, or talk so often about the servant girl question." The ladies in the coterie to which this contented housekeeper thus spoke did not feel very well when her words were ended, and soon left for their respective abodes with a new notion under their blooming bonnets.

### Nicely Caught.

ewiston Journal.

A wealthy citizen of Dover, Me., was mortfied the other day. He had just been making a clean breast of his deplorable financial condition to the assessors; and going to a grocery store soon after, he was appalled to find that the assessor had taken his statement so literally as to order a barrel of flour, a codfish and some other articles sent to him at the town's expense! At last accounts the wealthy citizen was trying to explain that he was not quite a pauper, and several have noticed the unusually happy expression on the face of the assessor.

# INDIVIDUAL OPINIONS

## Of THE FREEMAN---What Subscribers and Friends say and Think of it.

Brunswick, Ga., May 22, 1890.

Mr. Edward E. Cooper:—

Dear Sir: I have watched with eagerness the course of The Freeman and I have no hesitation in saying that I believe it to be the best work of its kind (devoted to the Negro) ever instituted. You have my sympathy in your work.

Yours truly, WM. H. CLARK.

Chattanooga, Tenn. Mr. E. E. Cooper:—

Continue The Freeman. I know it is the best Negro paper published in America; I can't do without it. Yours for the race,

REV. G. D. OLDEN.

Wesson, Miss., May 24, 1890

Editor The Freeman:—

I have been a constant reader of The Freeman two months. Your agent, Dr. Dukes, calls around and delivers it regularly every Saturday. Superior to any paper I ever read. Yours, H. M. SMITH.

Jackson, Tenn, May 12, 1890.

To the Editor:—

In view of the very satisfactory relation I have had with your paper for the past three months, I cheerfully recommend it to all parties, to whom it may not already be known. I deem it a valuable paper. Respectfully,

JAS. MURRAY.

Vaiden, Miss., May, 12, 1890.

Mr. Edward E. Cooper:—

Dear Sir: I read the papers Saturdays. I will begin at once to introduce your illustrated paper. It is one of the best that I ever read. It should be in every family. Yours truly,

J. C. ANDERSON.

Wilmington, N. C. May 8th, 1890.

Edward E. Cooper:—

This will inform you that we are weekly readers of your paper. My father and mother are as eager to get it as if it was so much gold dust. Very respectfully, R. A. HUGGINS.

Tuskeege, Ala., April 28th, 1890.

Allow me to say that I have watched your enterprise and success with a great deal of pleasure, and anything that I can do to further the cause and interest of your paper I will gladly do. Yours truly, B. T. WASHINGTON.

Saint Joseph, Mo., July 30th, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

I have taken pride in reading your paper the past twelve months, and I must congratulate you on this grand enterprise; one of the grandest among our race journals.

MRS. A. L. HESTON

Beaumont, Texas, June 4th, 1890.

Mr. Edward E. Cooper:—

I desire to take The Freeman because I find it is a noble paper and is worthy of reading. I have been in Texas for two or three weeks and I have not seen one of your papers since I came. Respectfully, J. T. SPANN.

To the Editor of The Freeman:—

Enclosed find money order check for renewal of my subscription to your valuable paper, for which I have been a subscriber three months. It is the best colored paper I've ever read. May success crown your efforts.

J. M. ANDERSON, N. Y. City.

Topeka, Kan., May 4th, 1890.

Editor Cooper:—

Dear Sir: I send you the written slip clipped from your most valuable paper which I believe to be the best Negro newspaper in the land, a complete history of the Afro-American; and in the words of "Rip Van Winkle;" "May it live long and prosper."

Yours, A. D. DEFRANTZ.

Lawrence, Kan., July 2, 1890.

E. E. Cooper, Esq:—

Enclosed find $3.60 for papers as per your bill for June. I consider The Freeman the model Afro-American newspaper, perfect in typographical arrangement, national in subject matter and fearless in its advocacy of right and its denunciation of wrong.

Very truly yours, A. S. GRAY.

Baltimore, Md., May 6th, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

Being a constant reader of The Freeman and noticing your advertisement about the ten greatest Negroes, living or dead, I have selected the ten. Having such great confidence in your paper, compels me to have the same in its editor. My mother is a constant reader of The Freeman and has gotten many neighbors to subscribe.

MARY E. DASHIELL.

Washington, D. C. Oct. 15, 18 9.

Treasury Dep't, Fourth Auditor's Office.

E. E. Cooper:—

I wish The Freeman continued success. I have been a subscriber about a year, and have noted the development of your idea as to an illustrated paper for the race with interest and gratification. Very truly yours,

R. H. TERRELL.

Office of A. H. Cabell, dealer in staple and fancy groceries, hay corn and bran:

Henderson, Ky., July 20th, 1890.

S. S. Cabell, Chicago Representative of Freeman

My Dear Sir:—

I enclose my subscription in this letter. I have been reading The Freeman carefully since you first sent it, and do unhesitatingly pronounce it the best I have ever read published by an Afro-American. Yours truly,

A. H. CABELL.

Grenada, Miss., May 5th, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

Long may The Freeman live to foster the ood work that is allotted to no other paper in the United States. Every one should assist in spreading it until in every Negro cabin it will find its way, bearing the portraits of our eminent men and women.

Respectfully, D. H. BUTLER.

Norwalk, Iowa, 1890.

Mr. Edward E. Cooper:—

Sir: Please find enclosed $1.35 for which apply on my subscription from time expired. The Freeman has become as an old friend; it is not only for its own good, but in the way of advancing and elevating the Negro morally, racially and intellectually. I am very much pleased with the outlook of its grand possibilities. I will use what influence I possess for its advancement. Very sincerely, JAMES EPPERSON.

Rusk, Tex., June 7th, 1890.

Dear Freeman:—

Enclosed find one dollar on my subscription. I am highly pleased with your paper and can't afford to do without it. May success crown your effort for good. Yours,

J. W. FLOYD

Washington, N. C., June 4th, 1890.

E. E. Cooper, Editor of The Freeman:—

I never read a better paper than The Freeman. It is what every Negro who can read should take and read, that he might be informed as concerns things of the Negro race.

Yours for success, R. A. CALDWELL

Bordeaux, S. C., July 17, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

Please send me agent's terms for The Freeman. I can say of The Freeman it is the best paper in the United States. Please answer at once and oblige yours,

S. S. HUMBERT.

New Orleans, La., July 8, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

I send a postoffice order for three month's subscription for your valuable paper, a journal for all colored people. It has no equal for our race. Yours truly,

W. E. HYMEN.

Pine Bluff Ark., July 14, 1890.

Edward E. Cooper:—

Enclosed please find $2.40 for a year's subscription to The Freeman. My husband and I consider it the best paper published by our race. Yours respectfully, MRS. A. S. MOON.

Jackson, Tenn., April 30th, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

The fact is, The Freeman takes here like hot cakes, and may it live long to vindicate the Negroes' rights and uphold and speak good words for him when meritorius. Yours,

I. B. JONES, Lock box 232.

Brooklyn, N. Y. May 22nd, 1890.

Dear Sir:—

You will please continue to send The Freeman to my address. During the month of June and July I will make a thorough canvass for your paper in my town and the State. The Freeman takes better than any other journal.

Yours truly, M. A. BUTT.

Michigan City, Miss., May 12, 1890.

Editor of The Freeman:—

I am a subscriber for your valuable paper and think it has no equal. In my family circle it always comes first. A. M. MASON.

Vicksburg, Miss., May 25th, 1890.

Mr. E. E. Cooper:—

I am pleased to see the improvement made in your paper within the past twelve months. I will subscribe from to-day.

Fraternally, R. A. SMALL.

Kokomo, Ind., May 21, 1890.

Mr. E. E. Cooper:—

I endorse your paper and will try to get you some subscribers; but if I don't succeed, I shall pay mine at any rate.

Very respectfully,

J. R. BRABOY, Music Dealer.

Washington, N. C. May 19, 1890.

Mr. Cooper:—

Dear Sir: I have been reading your paper for the past 6 or 8 months and I find it the best paper in regard to our race I ever read. I have been taking it from your agent. I will do all I can for The Freeman and speak for its interest wherever I go. Respectfully,

R. B. PICKENS.

Brazonia, Texas, May 20th, 1890.

Mr. Edward E. Cooper:—

Dear Sir: I think The Freeman is just such a paper as the race needs. While traveling over the country I can get some subscribers. Please send me agents' terms.

Respectfully, N. H. McKinley.

Baltimore, Md., May 22rd, 1890.

Mr. Edward E. Cooper:—

Dear Sir: I have taken your paper for over two years and have been a careful reader of its columns, especialy editorial, and am pleased to say that I think it a perfect gem, manly and square in its polit cs.

Respectfully, J. W. JONES.

Cape Girardeau, Md., May 10, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

Dear Sir: I have been a close reader of your paper ever since it was first introduced in our city and I like the paper; in fact, I hold it in preference to any Afro-American paper that I have ever subscribed for. I will always speak in favor of The Freeman.

Yours with due respect, M. W. ALEXANDER.

Rockville City, Mo.

Editor of The Freeman, Dear Sir:—

I have read a few copies of your paper and have distributed sample copies received among our citizens. A great many were surprised to know that it was edited by a colored man; they speak in its behalf. No one could speak otherwise. You may enroll my name on your subscription list, not only as a subscriber, but as a worker. Yours, W. E. SEAMER.

Wilson's Mills, N. C., May 20th, 1890.

Mr. E. E. Cooper:—

Dear Sir: I am very much pleased with your valuable paper. I have distributed some of the copies amongst our best people; those to whom I have shown the paper say it is the grandest they ever saw. It is certainly "something new under the sun" for our people down here to see an illustrated colored paper. I think I shall be able to send in a few subscribers within a few weeks. Yours for success,

A. J. HARRIS.

Office of the American Pub., Co., Hartford, Conn., May 26th 1890.

Editor of The Freeman:—

Dear Sir: Glad to hear that the circulation of The Freeman is increasing rapidly and we trust the good work will go on with you. We see all the colored papers and magazines and must say that The Freeman in every way excels. With best wishes, we remain,

Yours very truly, WALTER BLISS, Sec'y.

Wichita, Kas., May 4, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

Sir: I am a constant reader of The Freeman and have been from its first introduction here. I am told that a hundred copies are sold here, weekly. I admire it because it is fearless, out-spoken, has no pets or favorites; never pick the men who wrong the Negro, but go after them on the spot, and get them too.

D. L. ROBINSON, 607 N. Main St.

Office Star of Zion, Salisbury, N. C., June 30th, 1890.

Editor E. E. Cooper:—

Sir: Permit me to congratulate you on the make-up, appearance and general improvement of The Freeman. You are certainly publishing a paper creditable alike to yourself and the entire race. The fight you are making for proper recognition must eventually win. I am fighting valiantly along the same line. You deserve the patronage and support of the race everywhere. Truly and sincerely,

JNO. C. DANCY.

Marion, Ark., Crittenden Co., Aug. 2, 1890.

Edward E. Cooper:—

I have one old copy of The Freeman of Dec. 21, 1889. I like it very much, and the way it is edited and speaks of what we all should do to elevate ourselves, others and our children. Please send me a few sample copies so I may read them and show them to my reading neighbors. I can say, sir, it is the best colored journal I ever read. Truly yours,

D. H. JACKSON.

Chicago, Ill., July 24th, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

Having subscribed two weeks ago for your great illustrated paper, I thought I would write, congratulating you on your noble effort. I am deeply interested in colored journals, but of all the papers, both the news and the political, I think yours the best. It is a purely non-partisan and an independent paper, and one that all lovers of the race should read and admire.

Yours truly,

C. W. LYTLE.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 28, 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

I have read your paper for several months and with frankness or without fear of flattery, I can give utterance to the following: I have read several periodicals edited by colored men, and can truthfully say that no other paper that has come to my notice has so ably defended the cause of liberty and right among our people.

Yours, W. L. ANDERSON.

Jacksonville, Fla., July 14, 1890.

Editor of The Freeman:—

I cannot help writing you a few lines and congratulating you on such a splendid paper as The Freeman. I am perfectly carried away with it. I think every colored person should subscribe for it and be proud of such an advocate for their race. I wish you success. I hope it will be in every household and am glad I subscribed for it.

Respectfully, MRS. M. A. PHILLIPS.

Office of State Normal School for Colored Students, William B Paterson Principal.

Montgomery, Ala., May 20th, 1890.

Mr. E. E. Cooper, Dear Sir:—

I have been reading your paper for the last three months, and can say boldly that it is the best colored paper that I have ever read. I hope that you may continue the good work, in order that we, who are teaching, may learn of the many things that are going on in the world, Very truly,

E. Z. PHILLIPS.

Washington, D. C. June 30, 1890

Editor of The Freeman:—

Dear Sir. Your most excellent and valuable paper is received weekly, and placed on file in our reading room for young men. Please accept our sincere thanks for the interest shown in our work. We need the sympathy and encouragement of every colored man and woman in the country. Your paper is eagerly sought for each week, and declared to be one of the best and newsiest papers now published by colored gentlemen in America.

Respectfully, MRS. E. A. DUFFIELD, Pres. Reading Room Association.

Monticello, Ark., May 25th, 1890.

E. E. Cooper:—

Dear Sir: Without the slightest hesitancy, I pronounce The Freeman a gem of Negro enterprise. In its mechanical make-up, it has no superior; its typographical dressing is somewhat above par, and last, though not least, editorials show that he that manipulates its editorial nail-keg is a man of broad and conservative views. The Freeman is a living monument of Negro thrift and pluck, and should be encouraged by every intelligent Afro-American in the United States. May its cuts be chiseled deep, and shine out more resplendent each week.

Respectfully, E. M. ARGYLE.

Independence, Kans., May 16 1890.

Editor The Freeman:—

The editor of the Kansas Tribune handed me a copy of your illustrated paper, and sir, according to my notion, it is one of the best papers published by our people. It gives what we want, and leaves out the useless matter. It measures up fairly well with the other illustrated papers, and the independent ground which it has marked out, gives to it additional prestige and power. I would be pleased to take the agency for this part of the State if agreeable to you. Sincerely yours, E. M. WOODS.

# ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND SAYS:

IT EXECUTIVE CHAMBER. IS

*Annapolis, Md., Jan. 6, '90.*

*"I have often used ST. JACOBS OIL, and find it a good Liniment."*

ELIHU E. JACKSON,

THE Gov. of Md. BEST.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

# PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

But do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial *agents*. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of

## Prickly Ash Bitters!

a name every one can remember, and to the present day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, for the LIVER for the KIDNEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and if others who require a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

## FATHER IS GETTING WELL.

He had such an awful cough.
Doctor said he
Had consumption
And could not live long.
He took
Dr. White's
Pulmonaria and
Began to get better at once
He is now
Getting fleshy and strong,
And will soon be
Himself again.

Such testimony as this is nothing new for this medicine. It is performing wonderful cures every day. It is entirely harmless and pleasant to take, and its action is simply wonderful in curing a cough. Three sizes, 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1, and larger bottles for the price than any other, and every bottle warranted.

## R. & R.

Syr. White Pine and Tar

THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup Whooping Cough and

## LA GRIPPE.

It never fails to effect a speedy Cure.

Price 25 and 50 Cents.

For Sale by all Dealers. Prepared by the

Roosa & Ratliff Chemical Co.,

Cincinnati, O.

# Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequaled as an

Anti-Bilious Medicine.

Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25 cents. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

LEWS' 98 per cent.

LYE

Powdered and Perfumed.

[PATENTED]

The Strongest and Purest LYE made. Will make the best perfumed Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, drains, barrels, privies, etc.

PENN. SALT M'F'G CO.

Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

ASTHMA CURED-FREE A trial package by mail to sufferers. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.


## KEPT HIS VOW.

### A Millionaire's Son Running a Locomotive on a Texas Railway.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

There is is a man running on the San Antonio division of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, between this city and Del Rio, whose name is familiar to many people in Indiana. He is no other than Frank Bracaw, the son of the richest man in Terre Haute, Ind., whose wealth is reckoned in the millions. He is one of the coolest, most unassuming, and most reliable engineers in the service, and hosts of friends in this city, none of whom, however, knew his history until today when a most affecting accident brought it to light.

The people of Terre Haute will remember Frank as a dashing society man of that city ten years ago. He drove fast horses, and he was paid by his father without question, and he a monthly cash allowance of $150. Some trouble arose between father and son, the nature of which is unknown, and the son left home vowing never to darken the threshold of the parental home.

Seven years sped swiftly by, and Frank's sister lay upon her deathbed. Detectives were put upon the track of her brother. All the detective agencies in the country were furnished his descripiton and directed to leave no stone unturned in the effort to find him, but to avail. He had been swollowed up in the great world, and his sister died without seeing him.

Three more years passed away. A favorite cousin, the wife of an army officer, came to Del Rio with her husband, who is now in command of the post at that place. To-day they were dining, as usral, at the Valverde Hotel. A nice-looking young man sat at table near them and observed the lady attentively. Having finished eating he passed out through the office and asked the clerk if the lady wasn't Mrs. Wheeler. Being answered in the affiirmative, he added: "She is my cousin," and went on. The lady now came out and the clerk said:

"Do you see that hansome man just going out?"

"Yes."

"He says he is your cousin."

She turned quickly, observed him more closely, a flood of recognition came over her, and she called sharply, "Frank." The man went on as though he didn't hear, but she ran after him and caught him. A pathetic scene followed, in which both actors were moved to tears. The lady besought him to return to his parents, who are now old and feeble, but he remained obdurate and firm in his intentions never to return.

### He Saw the Guns at Gettysburg.

Portland, Me., Telegram.

During the National Encampment in Boston an old comrade with silvery hair was led into the cyclorama of Gettysburg by a bright-faced little miss. The old man sat down, while the child described to him the features of the picture. Occasionally he asked her a question, and slowly shook his head as if in doubt of the accuracy of her account. She had described to him, in her own way, the on-rush of picket men and the hand-to-hand conflict at the stone wall, where the Maine veterans met the charge of the Southerners, when he asked: "But where's the artillery, May?"

"Oh, you mean the big guns? They're over there on the hill, in a row."

"All in a row?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

He shook his head. "Look around," said he, "There must be some more that are in line."

"Yes," she said, "there are some more down here, but they are upset; I guess they're busted."

"Is that where the men are coming over the wall?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Is there a grove of trees?"

"Yes, it seems to be full of men, but the smoke is so thick you cant see them."

"Oh, I see them," he cried.

It was then noticed by several comrades who were standing near him that he was blind. The little girl replied, "Oh, no, grandpa, you cant see them."

"Yes, I can," cried the old soldier; "I can see the men, the grove and the broken cannon lying about."

The child looked at him in innocent surprise and said: "You are joking, grandpa."

"No, my dear," replied the old man. "No. That was the last thing I ever saw on earth. There was a caisson exploded there just this side of the stone wall, and that was the last terrible picture I ever saw, for it was then that I lost my eyesight, and I have never got the picture out of my mind."

### The Letter that Never Came.

Have you ever looked for a letter that did not come? Have you gone to the postoffice day after day, with a sickening feeling of mingled doubt and hope in your breast—at times feeling your heart leap joyfully in the sure belief that that the letter will be waiting there for you, and again sinking like lead in the dull certainty that it will not? Have your knees trembled a little, and your hand shook when you tried to fit the key in the box? Has something come into your waiting eyes that was very like tears of keen supense, and something beat so loud and so strong in head and breast that you could scarcely hear or feel? Did you hesitate when you had finally turned the key, and gather up all your courage that you might bear it bravely should disappointment be your lot again? And when you at last opened the little door—dear heart, was the letter there? O, if it was, be glad; for I tell you that never a sun slopes from east to west but hundreds of hearts ache and hundreds of eyes grow dim waiting and looking and longing for letters that never come,

## A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

### He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug! Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier. "Very cozy was his office, too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I can not tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This can not be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890: "A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

### Hungry Elephants.

St. Nicholas.

One favorite food of the African elephant is the tender, juicy roots of the mamosa-tree, which grows in scattered groups through most of the meadows and lowlands of central Africa.

When an elephant finds a young tree of this sort, it is not difficult, as a rule, for him to get at the roots, especially if the surrounding soil is moist and loose, as is often the case after it has been soaked by the heavy rainfalls of the tropics.

If the tree is loose, the elephant knowing his strength, winds his trunk firmly round the tree, and plucks it from the earth, a feat which is no harder for him than the pulling up of a flower for a child.

But the elephant does not stop here; experience has taught him the most comfortable way of enjoying his prize, so without relaxing his hold, he turns the tree completely over, and stands it with its upper branches thrust down into the place where the roots were. Then the earthy roots, now replacing the branches, remain within easy reach of the strong and deft trunk.

African travelers tell us of great tracts of country almost covered with these inverted trees. Seeing the dry trees turned upside down one would be more likely to think a wood had been reversed by mischievous fairies, than to suppose hungry elephants had been feeding there.

Sometimes an elephant will find a tree which defies his greatest efforts, and absolutely refuses to be uprooted. But the elephant does not give up. Not at all. He either brings another elephant to help him—a thing they often do when the work is too much for one—or, if he can not find a friend, he sets his own wits to work. He makes use of his tusks as levers thrusting them, as if they were crow bars, deep under the roots, and pries away slowly and steadily until the tree is loosened; and then with a great wrench he completely uproots it and it goes toppling over, leaving the clever elephant victorious.

Frank Beslin, a blind editor of Salt Lake City, is soon to have a remarkable operation performed on his eyes. It will be the transplanting of rabbit's eyes and connecting them with the optic nerves. This operation has been successful in a number of cases.

It is said by a New York writer that $1,000 a week is a modest estimate for the cost of four or five dinners weekly for any one who is in the social swim.


### Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75 cents.


The sour man soon gets into a ferment.

Pittsburg Chronicle: "This is a world of ups and downs," remarked the tomato, as it went into the can. "We are put up that we may be put down."

THE Chinese say, "When the wind blows your fire, it's useless to tire yourself." About half of your toil can be avoided by the use of SAPOLIO.


Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.


A candidate may itch for office, but if his constituents scratch his name he does not get there.

### Vigorous Men and Women.

The vigorous are they who pay attention to the laws of health, of which one of the foremost is, Take care of your digestion. Should a temporary attack of the enemy, dyspepsia, surprise you, foil his subsequent assaults with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. From the stomach come the fundamental supplies which minister to vigor, and, thoroughly transmuted into blood actively circulated, are the maintenance of the system. Pallid in countenance, nervous, attenuated in figure, appetiteless, poor sleepers, are the dyspeptic. Reinforced and built up by the great stomachic, the wan and thin increase in color and bulk, appetite improves, nervous symptoms disappear, sleep grows tranquil and refreshing, and the intranquility of mind and despondency notable in invalids gives place to light heartedness, a capacity for racy enjoyment of the good things of this life. Use the Bitters for malarial, bilious, rheumatic and kidney troubles.

Sometimes a man becomes such a victim to drink that even the hopes of his friends are dissipated.


THERE never was a remedy that gave so good satisfaction always as Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. Physicians recommend them.


When we hear some people talk we regret that the Lord did not provide a man's ears with shutters.


Do your clothes last as they used to? If not, you MUST be using a SOAP OR WASHING POWDER that ROTS them. Try the good OLD-FASHIONED Dobbins' Electric Soap, PERFECTLY PURE to-day as in 1865.


No, Angelina, a horse is not foundered at a foundry.


No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

### TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for 1891 will give an instructive and helpful Series of Papers, each of which describes the character of some leading Trade for Boys or Occupation for Girls. They give information as to the Apprenticeship required to learn each, the Wages to be expected, the Qualities needed in order to enter, and the prospects of Success. To New Subscribers who send $1.75 at once the paper will be sent free to Jan. 1, 1891, and for a full year from that date. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—It is said that knowledge is power, but it takes a good deal of it to know how to get along without work. A knowledge of the human system and its needs enabled Dr. White to produce the most wonderful cough remedy ever offered to the sick and afflicted. It is called Dr. White's Pulmonaria, and is sold by druggists everywhere. Three sizes—25 cents, 50 cents and $1.

A SORE THROAT OR COUGH, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

FOUL poisons that accumulate in the blood and rot the machinery of the system, are eradicated and expelled by using Prickly Ash Bitters, a medicine that will not irritate the stomach or bowels. It acts in a gentle manner on these delicate organs, and restores health in every case.

A Poverty-stricken Millionaire!

This seems a paradox, but it is explained by one of New York's richest men. "I don't count my wealth in dollars," he said. "What are all my possessions to me, since I am a victim of consumption? My doctor tells me that I have but a few months to live, for the disease is incurable. I am poorer than that beggar yonder." "But," interupted the friend to whom he spoke, "consumption *can* be cured. If taken in time, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will eradicate every vestige of the disease from your system." "I'll try it," said the millionaire, and he did; and to-day there is not a healthier, happier man to be found anywhere. The "Discovery" strikes at the *seat* of the complaint. Consumption is a disease of the blood—is nothing more nor less than lung-scrofula—and it *must* and does yield to this wonderful remedy.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terribly fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as White Swellings, Fevers-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments.

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FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL sent us by mail we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all of the following articles, carefully packed.

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| One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline, | 10 cts. |
| One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade, | 15 " |
| One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream, | 15 " |
| One Cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice, | 10 " |
| One Cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented, | 10 " |
| One Cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented, | 25 " |
| One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline, | 25 " |
| | $1.10 |

Or for postage stamps any single article at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept from your druggist any Vaseline or preparation therefrom unless labelled with our name, because you will certainly receive an imitation which has little or no value.

Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 24 State St. N. Y.

If You Want to Know

1,001 curious things about the human system, How life is prolonged, health saved, disease outlawed, How to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion, How to get a Home, Cure to all forms of disease, How to cure Crossed, Old Eyes, Rupture, Phimosis, etc., How to make happy in Marriage and have prize babies, and an odd lot of Doctor's Droll Jokes, profusely illustrated. Send ten cents for new Laugh-Cure Book called MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE

M. HILL PUB CO., 129 East 28th St., New York.

RIDGE'S FOOD IT IS USED by CHILDREN'S CHILDREN. Thousands of young men and women in this country owe their lives, their health and their happiness to Ridge's Food, their daily diet in Infancy and Childhood having been Ridge's Food. 25 cents up

By Druggists, WOOLRICH & CO., Palmer, Mass.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war. 15 adjudicating claims, atty since

STEREOPTICON McINTOSH Battery & Optical Co. CHICAGO, ILLS. MAGIC LANTERNS.

PATENTS! Instructions FREE to inventors. Write at once for hand-book of information. J. R. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

# Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also results from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for catarrh, which it cures by eradicating from the blood the impurity which causes and promotes this disease.

"For 25 years I have been troubled with catarrh in the head, indigestion, and general debility. I concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me so much good that I continued its use till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." MRS. J. B. ADAMS, 8 Richmond Street, Newark, N. J.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains in the back of my head The effort to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house as I think it is worth its weight in gold." MRS. G. B. GIBBS, 1029 Eighth Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results, I have received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy. J. F. HUBBARD, Streator, Ill.

N. B. Beasure to get

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Sold by all druggists, $1; Six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Ely's Cream Balm Cures

# COLD IN HEAD

RELIEVES INSTANTLY.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK

THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

Not to Split!

Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

# Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, New York, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe Its timely use may save you from the death tools of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address

PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, 188 Warren St., New York.

Don't Miss This Chance.

No. 540 Price 90c.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE POCKET KNIFE

A ROYAL KNIFE, BELIEVE US.

The only place in the United States to get the genuine Alling & Lodge Farmers' Alliance Pocket Knife for 90 cents, is to send direct to us and save dealers' profit as this knife; retails at $1.25. Many of the Alliances have ordered our Madison Rattler Razor at $1.25, and are well pleased. Also our Alliance and Texas Cattle Knives, at $1.25, are bargains. Our Alliance Razor only $1.50. Our celebrated Wheel Razor at $2.00. Our True Apollo Ring Razor at $2.00. We send registered, no danger of loss. These goods are the very highest quality and *never fail to please. Don't wait. They are going.* Mention this paper.

Buck Handle, Hand-forged Blade. Warranted to please as to style and temper.

ALLING & LODGE, MADISON, INDIANA.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

# FURS!

WALTER BUHL & CO.,

Importers and Manufacturers of Fine Furs

DETROIT, MICH.

Have the largest and most complete line of fine furs ever shown under any one roof in America. They are the largest importers of Seal Skins in this country and are therefore enabled to sell Seal Skin garments for less money than other importers. It will pay anyone who has any intention of purchasing a Seal Skin Sacque, Jacket or Newmarket or any kind of fur garments, to send for their illustrated circular and price list. Their seal skin garments are all made in the latest Parisian styles.

Now is an excellent time to order garments before the winter rush begins.

THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR
100 STYLES.
COMBINING 5 ARTICLES OF FURNITURE.
INVALID SUPPLIES AND WHEEL CHAIRS
BABY COACHES
We retail at the lowest wholesale factory prices and ship goods to be paid for on delivery. Send stamp for Catalogue. Name goods desired.
Automatic Brake on all Coaches
WHEEL CHAIRS TO HIRE.
SPECIAL FREE DELIVERY.

LUBURG MFG. CO., 145 N. 9th St., Philada., Pa.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

"At the end of first month of your treatment I had lost just 34 lbs. of flesh, and after 3 months treatment I was reduced just 28 lbs. It is now 28 months since I stopped treatment and I have not gained a single pound; if anything am lighter. I am not wrinkled, but my flesh is firm and my skin soft and smooth as that of a babe."—KITTIE JACOBS, 231 West Madison Street, Chicago.

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL.

No starving, no inconvenience, harmless and no bad effects. Strictly confidential. For circulars and testimonials address with 6c. in stamps,

DR. O. W. F. SNYDER 243 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

# PENSIONS

The disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted, address, JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

WEAK MEN and WOMEN can quickly cure themselves of Wasting Vitality, Lost Manhood from youthful error, &c., quietly at home. $4 per Month. Book on All Private Diseases sent FREE (sealed). CURE GUARANTEED. 20 YEARS' experience. The LOWE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Wichita, Kans.

# ISLAND HOME

Stock Farm. H. C. Farnum, Importer and Breeder of Percheron & French Coach Horses. I offer a very large stud of horses to select from. I guarantee my stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address H. C. FARNUM, Grosse Isle, Wayne Co., Mich.

# FREE!

50 Complete Stories, 100 Popular Songs, Longfellow's Poems, Whittier's Poems, Dickens' Christmas Stories, Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures and Gulliver's Travels.—All the above sent absolutely Free and post-paid to any one sending us Ten Cents for a Three Months' subscription to "The People's Home Journal," a large 16 page, 64 column Illustrated literary and family paper, filled with everything to amuse, entertain and instruct the whole family. Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Miscellany, Fancy Work, Household, Juvenile and Humorous Departments. Serial stories by Mrs. Southworth and Mrs. Mary J. Holmes have just been commenced. It is the best story paper published. We want 100,000 new trial subscribers—that is why we make this great offer. It is the biggest ten cents' worth ever given—you will get five times your money's worth. Send for this great offer, and if you are not satisfied we agree to return your ten cents and make you a present of all. Six subscriptions, with all the premiums to each, sent for 50 cents. We refer to the Mercantile Agencies and to any newspaper published in New York City as to our reliability. Address, F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 106 & 108 Reade Street, New York.

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will be paid to the agent of any scale company who will say over his own name as agent, that the JONES 5 TON WAGON SCALE, $60 is not equal to any made, and a standard reliable scale. For particulars, address only

Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N.Y.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY

Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus FREE, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

$75 to $250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

PATENTS Inventors' Guide or How to Obtain a Patent, sent free. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y at Law, Wash. D.C.

MOTHERS Dr. Snyder's Kidney Balsam cures ENURESIS (BED-WETTING.) Price $1 per package by mail. For sale by all druggists or at office. For circulars and testimonials address, with stamps, Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, 243 State St., Chicago.

Ask your Druggist to order it for you.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

CATARRH CURED. Write for sample. Lauderbach Company, Newark, New Jersey. FREE

—Mrs. Emily Reed, of 17 Howard street, is seriously ill.

—Charlie Jackson spent a few days in the city on his way to Toledo, Ohio.

—Patronize Wm. Rathert, the popular young druggist at 99 N. Ill. street.

—Mrs. Fannie Buckner has returned home after a pleasant jaunt in Kentucky.

—Mrs. N. Ward and Mrs. Eva Roberts are visiting their mother at Noblesville.

—Mrs. Eva Roberts, of Richmond, is the guest of her brother, Nathan Ward.

—Read our advertisements and patronize the advertisers that advertise in THE FREEMAN.

—Miss Ella B. Spencer, of Chicago, is arranging dates for an entertainment here in the near future.

—Mrs. Bertha Taylor has returned to her position at Johnson's restaurant after a short illness.

—W. A. Keelan, a representative of the Knightstown Sun, was in the city Saturday on business.

—Chas. Easley has returned to the city after an absence of two years, saying: Home, Sweet Home.

—James Shelton and Chas. H. Stewart are preparing to take the civil service examinations next Tuesday.

—Miss Ella Smith, who has been visiting Mrs. and Mr. Allen Sims and friends left for Chicago Wednesday.

—C. H. Baughman, of the P. O., is off duty with troublesome eyes. He is improving under the matchless skill of Dr. Thompson.

—Sunday is Missionary Day at Simpson Chapel; an excellent programme has been arranged and all are invited to be present at 2 p. m.

—Mrs. Lillian Thomas gave a recital at Lafayette, Ind., Friday, the 21st, for the benefit of the Lincoln Library. An excellent programme was rendered.

—Mr. Wm. Smoots, of Paris, Ky., was in the city a few days last week to see his daughter Kittie, whose eyes have been giving her serious trouble of late. He returned home Monday.

—N. R. Albright, of troop E, 10th U. S. C. T., stationed at Fort Apache, Arizona Territory, wants to know how many employment agencies are in Indianapolis, Ind., and the addresses of the same.

—Hon. B. K. Bruce, Recorder of Deeds, Washington, D. C., paid our office a short though very pleasant visit last Saturday. Mr. Bruce was on his way home from a visit to his plantation in Mississippi; he looked in the best of health and spirits.

—William T. Floyd, Most Worthy Grand Master of the state of Indiana, instituted and set up a masonic lodge at LaFayette consisting of twenty-four members. He was assisted by George Elliott, Grand Marshall of the state, and J. W. Staunton, Grand Master.

—Brockway, at the corner of Indiana Ave., and Mississippi street, is selling the most stylish foot wear in the city for the least money. Ladies' it will pay you to see his $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 fine shoes. Courteous treatment and honest goods. 100 Indiana avenue, Pfafflin block.

—Invitations are out for the nuptials of Felix Davis and Miss Belle Stone to take place November 26th. Mr. Davis is one of our best known young men, and is one of the most prominent Afro-American contractors and builders in the State. He has built up a large and lucrative trade, and has a host of friends to congratulate him.

—Our reporter dropped in at the entertainment given by the American Doves at the Odd Fellow's hall on Indiana avenue Thursday evening, November 13th, and much courtesy was shown him by Mrs. N. Ward, chairman of the committee. Everything was conducted in first-class order. Excellent music and dancing was the feature of the evening. The ladies deserve great credit for their excellent management.

—The Ninth Colored Presbyterian Church, cor. of Tennessee and Michigan street, had quite an increase in their attendance last Sunday. Rev. J. R. Riley preached two very interesting sermons. The choir rendered several excellent selections, and, by special request, repeated some of them. The church is struggling; give them your assistance, they are worthy of it. The choir will sing as usual next Sunday. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath School 2:30 p. m.

The young man who forged his way to the front is now in the "pen."—American Commercial Traveler.

### A REVEREND (?) POLITICIAN.

Not Such a Good Man After all.

To the editor of THE FREEMAN.

About two years ago when charges were made against Rev. (?) J. M. Morton, then pastor of Mt. Zion Baptist church, for drunkenness and immorality, his friends were loud in denunciation and abuse of the members and officers of Mt. Zion church. The following officers, Daniel Jamison, Ed Well, Isaac Allen, H. C. Turner and Archie Miller made the charges and were abused at the time for it. They wish now to call attention to the conduct of Rev. (?) Morton. Monday night and Tuesday morning, November 10th and 11th, Rev. Morton and his son were out on a drunken spree and debauchery. They were out all night, hired a hack and wound up dead drunk on Tuesday morning. They were seen on Indiana avenue and Mississippi street bespattered with mud from head to foot and too drunk to recognize any one. Hundreds of people saw this and will testify to the same. What does the public think of such a man? What should Christian people think of such a man? H. C. TURNER,
300 Fayette street.

### Harvesting the Corn Crop.

No crop is given more labor during growth than corn, and from the beginning of harvesting of the crop until it is stored in the barn the grain and fodder require handling several times. In fact, the corn crop is a double crop, as the fodder is fully as valuable as the grain, if properly saved, and must be handled with a view of saving labor at all stages. The early corn requires planting, seeding and frequent cultivation, while the matured corn entails the labor of cutting the stalks, shocking, husking and hauling. When two or more of these duties can be done at one operation the cost of harvesting is lessened.

In this section the corn is cut and shocked in the fields, the work of husking being done after the winter sets in by handling the stalks in the shocks. It is not only a laborious operation, but one that exposes the farmer in winter, and the practice belongs to former generations rather than to this. Much of such labor may be saved by cutting down the stalks so as to make roads through the corn for the purpose of using wagons. The corn so cut should be carried to the barn and used, grain and stalks, as an early supply. The corn should then be pulled from the stalks and thrown in heaps to be loaded in the wagons. It can then be husked in the barn during rainy weather or other leisure time. The pulling off of the ears can be done so easily and quickly that a large field can be gone over in a day. After the corn is hauled off only the stalks and fodder will remain to be stocked or shocked, and all work in the field, except hauling the fodder to the barn, will be avoided in winter, while the damage that usually happens to the grain from fallen shocks, dampness, mice, birds, etc., will also be avoided, which is a saving more than equivalent to the labor of securing the grain. In this manner the grain is at once removed from the stalk, and thereby kept dry and protected from cold. It will cure better, and be more palatable to stock.

It is as important to store the fodder under cover as it is the grain, but the fodder is left in the field for convenience in husking, as it is a bulky crop in the barn and not easily handled; but if the grain is pulled before cutting down the stalks the fodder can be stored in the barn without the necessity of handling it again except to feed it to stock. Stored as soon as it is cured, and when in a bright, clean condition, it will be found more acceptable to stock and be more valuable for feeding. It can be passed through a fodder-cutter, cut, the stalks shaved or crushed (if suitable cutters are used), and the work of harvesting finished before winter approaches.—Philadelphia Record.

### In the Light-House.

The light in the light-house tower
Goes round and round and round,
Like a fiery eye which searches
For that which is never found;
The sea, on the rocks beneath it,
Calls still for what does not come;
While the heart of the light-house keeper
Yearns ever, but ever is dumb.

The sea-birds dash on the lantern
And fluttering, die in the night;
In useless, vain endeavor
To reach the beacon light.
The winds cry out forever
For that which no quest may reach;
But the keeper's strong desire
Is far too deep for speech.

Night after night in the lantern
He sets the light aglow;
Night after night complaining
He hears the waves below.
He hears the wind's fierce crying
And the sea-bird's death note shrill;
But the pain of his love's denial
He suffers and is still.
—Boston Courier.

### The Toothpick Habit.

The great American habit of toothpick chewing is responsible for a very large number of human ills. Of course I refer more particularly to the practice of chewing wooden toothpicks. And when I modify my statement in this way I don't have any hesitation in reiterating that the wooden toothpick is an engine of destruction. If you have ever noticed these things much you have observed that a good many people who take their meals at restaurants or hotel cafes and rush out immediately afterward to business snatch on the way a toothpick, sometimes several of them, and thrust the little wooden spears into the mouth. In nine cases out of ten they don't use the toothpick quickly and as a matter of business, but they retain it in the mouth after all necessity for its functions has ceased. They chew on it and wobble it about under the jaws, and finally the piece of wood is reduced to a ragged pulp, and then it is usually cast away. Very frequently small particles of the wood are swallowed and I know one man who was in the habit of eating his toothpick. I became acquainted with him because he wanted me to give him something to heal his stomach, which was really in a lacerated condition. The small particles of wood that are swallowed frequently lodge in the walls of the stomach somewhere and induce gastric disturbance. I know several cases which proved fatal. A man may go on chewing toothpicks for fifty years and never suffer any ill effects, but his less fortunate neighbor may chew them for a few days and die on account of it. I tell you a fact when I say that lots of troubles with the digestive apparatus and lots of more serious ailments may be, and have been by me in many instances traced to the use of toothpicks as I have pointed out. The habit, I notice, is one that is growing rapidly, and, aside from the fact that it is an illbred and rude custom, it is to be detested on hygienic principles. I found the other day that some restaurants dip their toothpicks in some aromatic fluid, like cinnamon, and this tends to cause a big spread of the toothpick chewing habit. The person who puts one of these prepared sticks in his mouth could hardly resist the temptation to chew on it. It's an awful habit and I'd like to see people stop it.—Boston Herald.

Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland are regular "first-nighters" at the theaters in New York.

A man in San Francisco laughed so heartily at one of his own jokes that he fell to the floor dead.


# GIVEN AWAY!

## A PRINCELY GIFT, INDEED.

We shall have the pleasure of presenting some lucky Purchaser with one of Geo. C. Pearson's

## Finest Upright Pianos.

How are we going to give it away? Look into our west window any time after 9 o'clock to-day.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

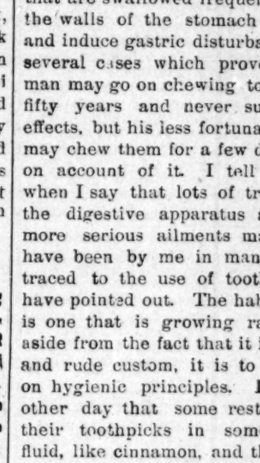
Notwithstanding this Costly Gift we are going to give away

Aqsolutely Free,

we have put such low and honest prices on our goods in every department that it will cause every man, woman, boy and girl in Indianapolis and vicinity to give thanks to

## BYRAM & SULLIVAN.
6 & 8 W. Washington St.

## Spiegel, Thoms & Co.,

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SPECIAL SALE THIS WEEK.

Water Sets, Wine Sets, Japanese and Silver-Plated Ware.

Fine Lamps a Specialty. Bed room Heaters and Ironing Stoves. Wedding Presents in great Variety.
Goods on payments to responsible parties at

## SMITH'S,
23 NORTH ILLINOIS STREET.


Gustave Cartright, wife and child lived in a cabin six miles from Rockford, S. D., where he worked a placer claim. The family had recently got a Newfoundland dog, of which they thought a great deal. While the husband was working the claim the wife had occasion to punish the dog for something, and immediately thereafter went down to the spring, which was about one hundred feet in the rear of the house. She left the baby and dog in front of the house. On her return she discovered that the dog had attacked the child and had literally eaten off its head. The mother gave one piercing shriek and fell senseless to the ground. The cry was heard by the husband, who hastened to the cabin, and seizing an ax killed the dog on the spot. The mother is reported to be a raving maniac.


### PARK THEATRE.

Week of November 24th, JAMES REILLEY, the German Dialect Comedian in THE BROOM MAKER. Prices—night, 10, 20 and 30 cents.
Matinee 10 and 20 cents.


Running roses must be tied up to the supports as fast as they send out shoots. They do not climb, but must be fastened in place.

Clover hay can be used to advantage as summer feed if the crop is large. Hay should not be sold but fed on the farm.


## The New Store

THREE DOORS NORTH OF UNION STATION.

The rooms formerly occupied by Messrs. Van Arsdell & Co. are now filled to repletion with a

New Stock of Dry Goods and Furnishing Goods,

Consisting in part of Dress Goods, Calicos, Muslins, Canton Flannels, Plaid Flannels,

Ladies' and Gents' Underwear,

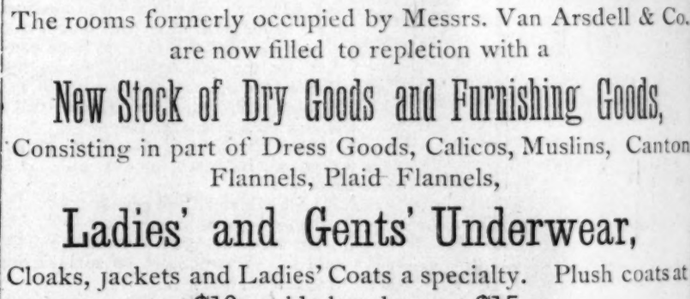
Cloaks, jackets and Ladies' Coats a specialty. Plush coats at $10; sold elsewhere at $15.

Messrs. Oliver Hill and F. O. Gully

Have been retained as salesmen, and will be pleased to see their friends.

## SELIG'S BAZAAR,
109 & 111 South Illinois St.

## THE KING OF BURNERS.

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THE MAINS INTER-LOCK NATURAL GAS BURNER

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Saves the expense of frequent renewals.
In all bolted burners, the bolts burn in two and the burners spring apart, allowing the gas to escape.
The form of this burner—the face inclining to an angle of 45 degrees—not only makes it throw off more heat, but makes it *impossible for the holes to fill up.* It requires no "filing." The No. 1 burner has 108 holes, and by means of the "spreading" of the flames against the projecting "flame-spreaders," it *gives out more heat in proportion to surface* than any other burner.
The inter-lock construction and uniform heating of this burner, allows contraction and expansion without danger of fracture.
It will last *many times as long* as ordinary bolted burners.
These Burners are adapted to Grates, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Heaters and Furnaces.

THE BEST BURNER INVENTED.
SOLD BY PLUMBERS AND DEALERS.

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